UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes Francis Neilson

La Follette

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Old Folks' Day in Utah

By FREDERICK STARR

The Housing Problem in Great Britain

By FRANK W. GARRISON

VOLUME XCV NUMBER 19

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCV | MONDAY, JULY 13, 1925 | NUMBER 19

SONNET

[Printed in memory of *Robert Marion LaFollette*]

Father, I will not ask for wealth or fame,
Though once they would have joyed my carnal sense;
I shudder not to bear a hated name,
Wanting all wealth, myself my sole defense.
But give me, Lord, eyes to behold the truth;
A seeing sense that knows the eternal right;
A heart with pity filled, and gentlest ruth;
A manly faith that makes all darkness light:
Give me the power to labor for mankind,
Make me the mouth for such as cannot speak;
Eyes let me be to groping men and blind;
A conscience to the base; and to the weak
Let me be hands and feet; and to the foolish, mind;
And lead still further on such as thy kingdom seek.

—*Theodore Parker.*

Subscribers please note that this issue is the first to appear in July. Our usual custom will be followed this summer of publishing fortnightly. The dates are July 13 and 27, August 10 and 24, September 7 and 21. From October 5th on, weekly issues will be resumed. Any numbers missed through vacation irregularities will be promptly mailed and subscriptions extended upon request.

We have a letter from a reader canceling his subscription, with the statement that he *"knows,* as surely as there is a God, that the fundamental idea upon which UNITY is built is wrong." He then goes on to give the familiar statement of the Christian dogma of regeneration, which is in effect that it is useless to work for social betterment, for political and economic reform, since "man in his natural state is so bad" that nothing can save him but the gift of God's grace in Christ Jesus. To this opinion we have no objection, except that it is not ours and that we do not believe it to be true. What we object to is the assertion of our friend that he *"knows"* that we are "wrong," and that he of course by implication is right. He "knows" nothing of the sort! No man is infallible in these matters of the moral and religious life. We are all seekers after truth, moving more or less blindly on a trail that leads we know not where. All that any one of us can do is to testify to what he sees and feels, and then, by comparison of testimony, try to ascertain the direction of reality. We confess that nothing shocks us quite so much as the consummate arrogance of the man who insists that he *"knows"*—that difference of opinion with him means alienation from God. No people are quite so shameless in this kind of impudent assertion as orthodox Christians. What these people need, what our dissatisfied subscriber needs, what we all need, is a little sense of humility. As we confront the vast mystery of the universe, we must bow before it in reverent submission and awe. Such humility is the first step toward knowing anything. Socrates was perhaps the wisest of men, if only because he said that he only knew that he did not know.

Everybody seems to be tremendously impressed with all this talk in Europe about security pacts, etc., but we must confess that we find ourselves quite unexcited. There seems to us to be little significance in what is going on, and what there is bears no hope in its bosom for mankind. In one way we feel frankly amazed at the interest and applause which these security proposals have been stirring among us, especially among League of Nations advocates, for if ever there was a demonstration that the League no longer counts for anything important in world affairs, this is it. Look at the pact! It suggests nothing not already abundantly suggested in the League Covenant, notably articles X and XVI—the very ones, by the way, most objectionable to those who seek peace and not more war! If the League had any vitality, it would be utterly unnecessary to have such a pact at all. The proposed agreement, therefore, means simply that the League as it stands to-day is of no effect, and that the European nations, recognizing this, are trying desperately to salvage something from the wreck, that it may not be an utter loss. This fact incidentally explains one reason why we cannot regard the security pact with any seriousness or interest. For it is written, exactly like the League Covenant itself, on a war and not a peace basis. It visualizes the coming of future wars, and seeks to prepare for them. It even makes future wars, under certain conditions, mandatory. And thus the war system goes right on! But the chief cause of our indifference to all these diplomatic negotiations and agreements is the fact that they are "old stuff." To be enthusiastic about or even interested in them, is simply to confess one's ignorance of European history during the last half-century. All this bargaining and promising and guaranteeing is nothing new. Read E. D. Morel's "Truth About the War," or Francis Neilson's "How Diplomats Make War," or, the latest book, Ewart's "The Roots and Causes of the Wars," and see how this sort of thing has gone on steadily year after year, with no result other than war, and more war, and still more war. Our diplomats are maneuvering for position in the conflict ahead. Anybody who doesn't know what Briand and his like are doing to-day, simply doesn't know what Briand and his like were doing before 1914!

It is impossible to speak of Mahatma Gandhi and the late C. R. Das, dead on June 16 last, as rivals, so generous were they in their personal relations, and so loyal to their common ideal of *Swaraj*. Furthermore, Das was at one with Gandhi in his support of "non-violence" as the basis of the non-co-operation movement against British rule in India. But the two men differed absolutely on the important question of political action, and their struggle on this issue would have undoubtedly split the party had it not been for that supreme act of self-abnegation on Gandhi's part last December in surrendering a technical victory for the sake of unity. This act, which marked the Mahatma's utter spiritual ascendancy over all his people, marked at the same time his retirement from the administrative control of the non-co-operation movement in favor of Mr. Das. Since that time Gandhi has functioned as a social and religious rather than as a political leader, devoting himself to his three great moral objectives—the achievement of Hindu-Moslem unity, the removal of untouchability, and the spread of hand-spinning and weaving. But now Das is dead—and the non-co-operation movement is left on its new tack with no strong hand upon the helm. What this will mean—whether the appearance of a successor to Das from among members of his own group, or the disintegration of this group and the new advent of Gandhi in the political field, or fresh confusion all along the line—time alone can tell. Meanwhile, it is fitting to pay tribute to the glorious memory of the dead leader. We think that he was wrong, fatally wrong, in his policy of swinging the non-co-operation movement over into the field of political agitation and action, but this judgment in no way touches our admiration for Das's pure heart, heroic spirit, and perfect devotion to the great cause of his country's liberation. A lawyer, enjoying a large practise and a handsome income, he abandoned his profession, as did Gandhi, and became wholly and perfectly a *Swarajist*. Like Gandhi, also, he gave away his personal fortune, turned his palatial home into a Hindu temple, and lived in a humble cottage on $60 a month. He accepted the ideal of non-resistance on moral grounds, and adhered to it utterly. His name will live forever among the patriot heroes of his native land.

Why do men say the things they do? President Coolidge, in his letter to the National Flag Day Association some weeks ago, wrote this sentence—"Alone of all flags it (the American flag) expresses the sovereignty of the people." No popular sovereignty, apparently, in England, France, Canada, none in New Zealand or Australia! We can understand a person arguing stoutly that in none of these countries—America, or anywhere else—is there any real democracy; but to single out America, and to say that we have it and that New Zealand, for example, has not—well, how does a man get that way? Again, here is a college professor, an educated and intelligent man, writing to the New York *Times* a letter about the Tennessee anti-evolution case, and saying "Some of the most eminent scientists in the world reject the theory of evolution." That there is at least one man, high up in the learned professions, who rejects evolution, this writer himself demonstrates. That there are eminent scientists who question certain aspects of the evolution hypothesis, is well known. But to say that "some of the *most eminent* scientists . . . *reject* . . . evolution"—well, we ask again, how does a man get that way? Still again, here is our mercurial friend, H. L. Mencken, declaring in the *Nation* (July 1st) *à propos* the Tennessee case, that "the issue of free speech is quite irrelevant. When a pedagogue takes his oath of office, he renounces his right to free speech quite as certainly as a bishop does, or a colonel in the army, or an editorial writer on a newspaper." Which means, if it means anything at all, that men like the late Bishop Williams, of Detroit, General Tasker H. Bliss, of the U. S. Army, and the late Frank Cobb, of the New York *World,* were, to quote Mencken's next sentence, "paid propagandist(s) of certain definite doctrines and attitudes"! Why do men say these things? How do they get that way? Are they careless? Or do they really believe such nonsense? Or are they simply talking because they *have* to talk, and, in a desperate effort to say something effective, "o'erleap themselves"?

We have seen many foolish lists of great men in our time, but none quite so foolish as a list recently compiled by Professor William S. Myers, of Princeton, of the "nine greatest Americans." This list was made up of the following names—Washington, Hamilton, Lincoln, Roosevelt, Coolidge, Marshall, Harriett Beecher Stowe, Charlotte Cushman, and Asa Gray. Professor Myers spoke of these leaders as "personifying general characteristics," and yet possessing enough individuality to make them leaders. Test this list by its omissions! It contains not a poet, not a thinker, not a practical scientist or inventor, not an educator, not an artist, not a soldier, not a reformer, not a prophet or great spiritual leader of any kind. These omitted types of men, it may be well to specify, include such names as Emerson, Walt Whitman, William James, Thomas A. Edison, Horace Mann, Charles W. Eliot, St. Gaudens, Robert E. Lee, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, William Ellery Channing, Henry Ward Beecher. All these men mean nothing to Professor Myers as compared with Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge and Charlotte Cushman. He is interested only in statesmen, with a few others "scattering." Even so, consider the names omitted—Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Charles Sumner, Woodrow Wilson, to name only a few. Any list of any number of great Americans which does not include, along with Wash-

ington and Lincoln, the names of Franklin, Jefferson, Webster and Emerson, has no interest for us. Any list which chooses from among living Americans Calvin Coolidge in preference to Charles W. Eliot, Thomas A. Edison, John Dewey, Luther Burbank, Senator Borah, seems to us absurd. It perhaps should be added that Professor Myers' listing of great Americans was prepared for a local Rotary Club!

La Follette

I

It is not difficult to name and assess the personal qualities of the great Senator from Wisconsin. "I was ever a fighter," said Browning; but he was nothing as compared with Robert M. La Follette. "Battling Bob" was a cognomen as scientifically accurate as it was politically picturesque. Not in all American history, from Samuel Adams down to the present moment, with the single exception of certain of the Abolitionists, has there been such a fighter as this man. Just to see him, with his bristling hair, his flashing eyes, his ringing voice, his quivering frame, was to see a warrior rejoicing in the fray. He spared himself no ounce of strength—why live, if not to win the fight? He spared not his followers—why were they with him, if not to struggle ceaselessly by his side? Of course he wore himself out and died an exhausted man, but behind him were such battles and sieges, such marches and campaigns—but not one single flight!—as glorify only the few noblest crusaders of the world.

As such a fighter, La Follette had courage—courage of a transcendent order. In his long career, from public attorney in Wisconsin, through governorship and senatorship, to candidate for presidency this last year, he faced a thousand situations which tested him as by fire, and never once did he flinch. The most terrific odds left him undaunted and unshaken. Physical danger, personal slander, ridicule, denunciation, threatened ruin to reputation, honor and his proud career—these moved him not at all. His supreme trial, of course, came during the Great War. La Follette knew that conflict for what it was, a thing of disgrace and infamy to the Allies as well as to the Central Empires. He saw no reason why America should be dragged into the fray, and her sons slaughtered to serve the interests of triumphant imperialism. Therefore, when the nation went suddenly mad for blood, he refused to join the pack. He did what few public men in any age have ever had the courage to do—resisted the nation in time of war. And on his devoted head alone fell the outraged wrath of a frenzied people. He was flayed alive by pulpit, platform and press in every part of the country. He was treated as a moral leper by friends and associates. Men left the street cars when he entered—colleagues in the Senate retired to distant seats when he took his place in the chamber. An order for expulsion from the Senate hung over his head for months, and was only withdrawn by the cessation of the war itself. How La Follette suffered during this period, only those nearest and dearest to him can ever know. But there were outward signs for all to see in the tight-closed lips, the tight-drawn features of the face, the forced attitude of indifference and scorn. He was vindicated in the end. Alone among public men, he had seen the whole truth about the war and had spoken it. The people rallied to him, in shame for themselves and pride for him, and elected him for his last term in the Senate by a majority that shook the nation. But if there was any balm of healing for his dreadful wounds, it was his own inner consciousness of the fact that he had met the supreme test of courage, and had not failed.

Senator La Follette was an idealist. He fought, and fought bravely, not for himself but for others, not for a party but for the people. Like the Abolitionists mentioned above, this man had a dream of liberation in his mind, a passion for justice and the right within his heart, and to these, the ideals of his life, he gave himself utterly all his days. Since these Abolitionists, I can think of no public man who had "a cause" so truly and so unselfishly as Robert M. La Follette. He saw the people enslaved to corrupt politics and crooked business. He saw an invisible power of money capturing the government and using it in its own interests to the betrayal of the state. He saw democracy outraged in her own household. Then he dreamed a dream of rescue. He conceived an ideal of larger liberty and fuller life. As the Abolitionists sought the emancipation of a race from chattel slavery, he sought the emancipation of the people everywhere from political and economic slavery. As Lincoln saw the Civil War as a struggle that "government of the people, for the people, and by the people shall not perish from the earth," he saw another war, to be fought with ballots and not with bullets, for the same great end. Thus was he a supreme idealist of democracy. In the most sordid period of American history, La Follette, more than any other public man of his time, kept alive that old and very precious tradition of idealism which glorified the nation in its heroic days.

II

To define La Follette's public work, as it was seen by his followers and will be judged by posterity, is not so easy as to define his personal qualities. Senator Borah, who now succeeds fully to the place of liberal leadership long occupied by his Senatorial colleague, said, in his noble tribute to the man whom he so loved and honored, that La Follette would "take his place in

history in the view of some as an agitator." Then he went on to say that

> in these days we are not favorable to agitators, but, as such, he will have the company of the noblest spirits of history. Agitation has its place, and an indispensable place in the life of free government and if a man is devoted to his country, as I believe La Follette always to have been, his service is often the highest type of statesmanship.

We are glad that Senator Borah defined La Follette's service in just these terms! To be an "agitator" in such times of corruption and complacency as La Follette lived through, is to offer the highest and most useful type of public service. Only—to avoid the unworthy implications of the word "agitator"—I would prefer to call him "a tribune of the people." He was in the great succession of the watchmen, described by Ezekiel, who stand upon the wall and prove their fidelity by giving the alarm when the enemy approaches. His citadel was Lincoln's citadel—the common people, their prosperity, happiness, and larger freedom. This citadel he saw besieged by those who sought to enslave its citizens and plunder its wealth. And La Follette blew the trumpet, that the people might be aroused to save their own. All his life he cried out in warning. All through the land he went, to stir up the masses. Always he sought *revolt*—not to destroy, but to preserve the state.

But this is only a part of the story! For La Follette was not merely an agitator. Unlike most men of this peculiar type, he was a statesman as well. "For a man who for so long filled so large a space in our political annals," said the New York *Times,*

> Senator La Follette left behind him a meagre record of attainment. Perhaps he preferred to live a life of contest rather than of achievement.

Such a statement could be written only in ignorance, or in wilful purpose to deceive. If any one thing was more remarkable about La Follette than another, it was the fact that a man who possessed so triumphantly the qualities of the public agitator, like Garrison or Phillips, possessed so triumphantly as well the qualities of the constructive statesman, like Webster or Lincoln—that a man who fought so desperately, so far in advance of his time, for so many "lost causes," should have achieved so much in terms of creative social change.

La Follette had an infinite capacity for hard work—he was as much the student as the tribune. He was a master of information, which he gathered exhaustively on every question which he handled. He was a debater, rivalled only by Senator Borah in his ability to sweep the field of opposition. Along with his vision of the distant goal to be attained, there was an altogether extraordinary capacity to see the next step to be taken toward that goal. He could make a speech that would stir the people as by a trumpet-call, and at the same time he could write a bill that would pass the remorseless partisan scrutiny of a Wisconsin legislature or a national Congress. Said Senator Borah again, in his tribute to his dead friend and colleague,

> Those who care to glance back over the last thirty years and recall the things for which La Follette contended, will be surprised to know how many of them have been accepted as sound and just. He boldly led. His friends and admirers looking back over his life of terrific energy and thinking of the denunciations, which ever and always accompanied his efforts, will be able to point with satisfaction and pride to the things which he actually achieved. They can rest their commendation upon the work actually performed. Generally denounced and often for a time baffled, nevertheless there is the record of things done, and now accepted.

In his three terms as Governor of Wisconsin, La Follette transformed the state, and made it the model commonwealth of the American Union. In his four terms as Senator in Washington, he put law after law upon the statute books which together mark most of the progress that has been made in our domestic affairs during the last twenty years. The New York *World* stated the historic fact, when it said that

> this man who has more often been called an obstructionist than any other man of his own day was personally responsible for more legislation than any of his contemporaries. Good or bad, there the legislation stands: legislation which La Follette was the chief factor in enacting—shipping laws, railway laws, tax laws, co-operative laws, labor laws, laws addressed to the interest of farms and banks and courts and mill hands.

III

In the end, however, one thinks not of achievement, but of character. Not what a man does, but what a man *is*—this is the great thing. An untiring hater of unrighteousness, an heroic fighter against evil and evil-doers, an alert guardian of public honor, a champion of freedom, a defender of the down-trodden and oppressed, a lover and servant of the common people, a stalwart believer in democracy and its farthest ideals, a man fearless, incorruptible, devoted—this was Robert M. La Follette.

I am often tempted to despair of America. But my despair is only a passing whim, a mere flitting mood of depression, so long as this land can produce such a man as the Wisconsin Senator.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE

Let us not mourn for him, the valiant one,
Who rests beyond the hushed and shadowed sea,
He, who saw visions in the rising sun
Of radiant years to be!

Let us rejoice that he lived and fought
Throughout his life's courageous span
To bear the torch of truth, and that he sought
To help his fellow-man.

Let us not mourn for him, the valiant one,
But guard the faith he held so manfully,
Seeking his visions in the rising sun
Of radiant years to be.

For UNITY. LUCIA TRENT.

Jottings

John T. Ewart, in "The Roots and Causes of the Wars (1914-1918)," volume II, page 999:

Some people appear to wonder why the United States endeavors to keep clear of the European maelstrom. In the sweet by-and-by, imperialistic ambitions and international fears may possibly give place to the reign of the golden rule; but until that time arrives, clashing interests will yield their natural fruits—dislike, fear, hostility, hatred, preparation for war, and war—*of all which it is advisable to keep clear,* as far as may be possible.

UNITY announces with satisfaction the publication in a forthcoming issue of an important article on Hugo Grotius, in commemoration of the three hundredth anniversary this year of the appearance of his immortal work, *"De Jure Belli ac Pacis."* This article is written by Edwin D. Mead, of Boston.

The *Manufacturers' Record* says in its June issue (page 64) that "finance and diplomacy and war often go hand in hand." This is first-hand authority. The *Record* ought to know!

Following hard upon the action of the Supreme Court in Washington in declaring unconstitutional the famous "Oregon Law" forcing all children to attend public schools, comes a decision by a Supreme Court justice in New York declaring unconstitutional the action of certain public school authorities in allowing school time to be used for religious instruction in churches and elsewhere. These are admirable decisions—both in the interests of liberty. Perhaps our courts are not so bad after all!

The death of Senator Ladd, of North Dakota, coming within a few days of the death of Senator La Follette, fills to overflowing once again the bitter cup which the liberals and radicals of the country have been drinking in recent months. Now if ever is the time to find that Hope, of which Shelley sang—"Hope which creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates."

Senator La Follette left an estate valued at $39,000, including life insurance, real estate, personal property. This fact fits in sublimely with the whole life career of a man who cared nothing for the rewards of this world, but everything for righteousness, justice and liberty.

J. H. H.

Old Folks' Day in Utah

(Editorial Correspondence.)

I have been out two whole weeks. There has been much of interest, something of importance in the journey, but nothing which impelled me to write a line of editorial correspondence. Today it has come. I have been to the Old Folks' Luncheon. Not that I am eligible, but a point has been stretched in my favor. This morning at the Church Office, I had to lay a matter before the First Presidency. When our business was finished, President Heber J. Grant suggested that I might be interested in seeing the Old Folks' celebration and suggested that Mr. W. W. Lund, who was with me, should take me there.

We reached Liberty Park at twelve and a few minutes later festivities were at their height. The idea of Old Folks' Day perhaps began with Brigham Young: it was materialized by Charles I. Savage, Bishop Hunter and George Goddard. The date commemorates the arrival of "the pioneers" in 1847. Originally a pioneers' celebration, it has been extended to include all old folks. It happens that this celebration is the Jubilee, the fiftieth annual celebration. For a half century the Saints have had this feast and celebration for the aged. Though a Mormon idea, under Mormon management, it is free to all who can qualify by age. There is no question of race or color, nationality or religion. Anyone who is seventy years old is invited and welcome. The celebration is not always in Salt Lake City; it may be held at other places, but wherever held the old folks come from all over the State. This year four thousand were in attendance. From Provo they came by autoloads.

Scores of tables, under the trees, were loaded with good things. Each was marked with the name of a "ward" and each of the eighty or more "wards" were represented. All at one table came from one ward and younger people from that ward were responsible for food and service, welcome and care. The guests who were in the seventies were distinguished by a red ribbon; those in the eighties by blue; those in the nineties by white. There were four thousand of them, you understand. The banquet was no niggardly affair. An individual chicken pie, with plenty of flesh and no bones, for each one. Bread and biscuits, cold meats, salads, pickles, fruits (and *such* cherries, raspberries and strawberries), cake, cookies, ice cream—all in unlimited quantity. Everyone ate his fill and was satisfied. The Mormons themselves drink neither tea nor coffee, but tea was provided for every guest who wished it. This itself gives room for thought. Lemonade, *real* lemonade, was in endless quantity. Most of the guests were white, but they represented many nationalities; there were a number of negroes; I think I saw a Chinese man, perhaps an Indian or two. All were happy and content, none more so than the younger ones who served. *The* table of honor, of course, was that of the "pioneer ward." There were men and women here who made that dreadful trek across the plains in 1847. Among them was Harrison Sperry, now 93 years old.

He has been here, one of the Saints, for seventy-seven years. He pronounced the invocation and appears to have strength and vigor for years yet to come. When I told him that my mother, back in New York, would be 98 next Monday, he shouted with joy and begged me to send her his love.

After the eating came the program—singing, instrumental and vocal pieces, short speeches, old-time dancing. There were seats for the old folks, but there was one spry and lively lady of 96, who insisted on standing with the young folk on the outskirts of the crowd. Vainly we urged her to take a seat—"there were others who needed them"; urged to go onto the platform, in comfort, with the speakers and entertainers, she preferred to be where she could see them and anyway did not want "to sit up there with such old people," objects of curiosity and pity. There were two up there who had passed the hundred mark. The national colors had already been exhausted in distinguishing the seventies-eighties-nineties. So the centenarians were given rosettes of red-white-and-blue, with a pearl at center. Brief speeches were made by President Grant, Governor Dern, Ex-Gov. Bamberger, and others. Simon Bamberger of course is a Jew. The question occurs to me, whether he is the only Jew who has been governor of one of these United States? Whether he is or not, I presume it is still true that no man can be elected governor of Utah, unless he can carry the Mormon vote. That is worth thinking about—like the tea. The musical program was varied—instrumental and vocal, solo and chorus. Most popular were the old hymns, where the old folks joined in the chorus.

Of course, the old people were brought to the grounds and taken home. Great care was taken to make them comfortable. Enough police and health department aids were present to protect against roughness and to care for emergency cases.

Rather decent, isn't it? Lulu Greene Richards wrote a Jubilee Souvenir Song for the occasion. It was distributed in printed form on a sheet headed with the portraits of Charles R. Savage, Bishop Hunter and George Goddard, the original Old Folks' Committee. The words are arranged to be sung to an old tune. It was sung and hundreds of the old voices joined in the singing. It ends with the stanza:

A few of us remember, who then were young and gay
And went as helps to brighten that first great Old Folks' Day;
Now, numbered with the Old Folks, with them we sing and pray—
Recalling those loved Founders—God bless our Old Folks' Day!

FREDERICK STARR.

Salt Lake City, June 25, 1925.

The Housing Problem in Great Britain

The strength of organized labor in Great Britain is daily being subjected to fresh tests. While the criticism of trade union regulations stirred up by the loss of large orders in the shipbuilding industry is still vigorous, new complaints are heard as the remedies for the housing shortage are canvassed. In spite of the prevalence of Socialistic ideas, and the ability of the Labor representatives in Parliament, the wage-earners would stand small chance of being able to resist the attack upon the eight-hour day and the present wage scale if it were not for the dole.

Whatever may be said against the support of the unemployed by the government, however demoralizing it may be to the recipients, however wasteful of public money, and however difficult a problem it raises for the government that shall attempt to end it, it cannot be denied that it has been a boon both to the trade unions and to the politicians who have not had to face labor demonstrations in food riots. The idle workers in receipt of the dole are in almost as strong a position as the natives of Nigeria whose land holdings make it impossible for Lord Leverhulme or other capitalists to "organize" them for productive purposes. Hunger is the great compeller, in the presence of which neither the standard of wages nor the desired conditions of employment can be maintained. Its value is appreciated by the contributors to the daily press who lament the falling off in recruiting for the army and the refusal of labor leaders to abandon trade union rules in imitation of competitors in Holland and Germany.

Since Mr. Baldwin made his appeal to the moral sense of the participants in the industrial conflict conscience and duty have become hard-worked terms, applied of course exclusively to the laboring classes. The Daily *Mail* has been running a series of articles by Sir Percival Phillips, who writes from Holland in praise of the superior steadiness of the Dutch workmen and their freedom from trade union restrictions. Even the virtues of the patient and submissive German artisans are coming in for a somewhat belated appreciation. The attack on the entrenched position of union labor that followed the loss of shipbuilding orders to Germany and Holland is being renewed in the discussion of the housing problem, to which the *Times* recently devoted a special supplement.

Coalition, Unionist and Labor governments have in turn trotted out their pet plans and have enacted them into law regardless of cost, but the situation remains acute and the overcrowding continues. According to Mr. John Wheatley, M. P., Minister of Health in the Labor government, three-quarters of the British people are not owners of the houses they live in, and are receiving precious little benefit from the 1923 Housing Act. But in spite of the uniform failure of State interference, he shares the prevailing conviction that the balance between demand and supply can be regulated more successfully by omniscient officials than by the free play of economic laws. Hence his faith in the 1924 Housing Act in which it is attempted, by new definitions and restrictions, to prevent self-supporting but thrifty citizens from snapping up bargains in subsidized houses.

The Ministry of Health places the cost of the Housing scheme for the current year at £35,000,000, but Mr. Wheatley contends that it will be a good investment if it permits the deserving poor to be selected and placed in healthy homes, a somewhat naïve hope if previous failures are taken into consideration. It is not difficult to paint an alluring picture of the benefits that will accrue to society when the poor are moved from slums into model settlements, but it should first be shown that this desirable end can be attained by benevolent schemes

that must be paid for, in the last analysis, by the workers themselves.

The three essentials for successful building are suitable land, building materials and labor, and the conflict of interest is therefore between the landowners and the land users rather than between *capital* and labor. Private capital is readily forth coming where building sites are available and the brick, slate, gravel, lumber, etc.,—all products of land—can be procured at prices that will yield a profit to the builder. Both the landlord and the laborer are "sheltered" by laws which prevent the natural interplay of economic forces. It cannot be denied that production would be greater if laborers renounced the protection of these laws, but it is hardly a sporting proposition to make such a demand without pressing it equally upon the landlords.

The danger of unconsidered legislation is not altogether overlooked in the *Times* symposium. The President of the Institute of Builders sounds a warning against uneconomic attempts at a solution, and Sir. St. Trustram Eve calls attention to the evils of interference from Whitehall and the County Councils, an interference that has made landowners hesitate to provide houses to meet the demand. It must be supposed that an economic solution is one that would enable the wage-earners to pay for suitable homes without appealing for charity, but the experts all start with the assumption that poverty is unavoidable. The natural resources from which houses are made, and the land on which they must stand, are abundant enough; and there is no dearth of laborers in a country where more than a million workers are idle. Yet there seems to be no attempt made to discover what it is that prevents the unemployed from helping themselves by applying their energies to the natural elements.

There is no doubt a hesitancy to broach so controversial a subject as the land question which causes the experts to fall back upon the magic of Government with its Fortunatus purse. Almost alone among the contributors to the discussion in the *Times* Mr. Edwin Evans, President of the Property Owners' Protection Association, questioned the wisdom of Authority. It remained for the spokesman of the landlords to make the sensible suggestion that the best way to accelerate the building of cheap houses by private enterprise would be to remove all restrictions, and establish a free market, eliminating the competition of the State and the local authorities, who are supplying an inadequate number of houses on uneconomic terms at enormous expense to the dangerously overburdened taxpayers. Following this line of thought, it would be interesting to discover to what extent the legal favors already enjoyed by landlords, capitalists and organized labor are responsible for the unemployment and low purchasing power of wage-earners which everybody agrees in deploring.

FRANK W. GARRISON.

Grasmere, England.

The Story of My Mind

XIX.

In 1885, when I was completing my book entitled "Poets and Problems," I cast about for a subject which was fresh and of real importance. Having been deeply interested in the education of women, and in their intellectual progress, it seemed to me that here was a subject which had not been dealt with repeatedly, and which it might be helpful to have treated in a careful and critical manner. I prepared six lectures on "The Intellectual Development of Women," giving in a sort of preface some indication of what had been done in Greece, in the Renaissance period of western Europe, and in the France and Germany of more recent years. Then I dealt with the education of women in England, and with the literary work which they had produced.

I read these lectures in the autumn of 1885 to a little group of women in one of the rooms of the Women's Educational and Industrial Union. The encouragement which I had there led me to seek for a larger audience. Accordingly, I repeated these lectures in the early months of 1886 in the lecture room of the New England Women's Club, but not under the auspices of that organization. The room was filled at nearly all the lectures, and the interest increased on the part of the audience from first to last. I had among my hearers Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who was a very constant attendant, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, and Lucy Larcom, as well as many other prominent persons. The lectures were largely reported in the newspapers, especially in the *Transcript*. Although Mrs. Mary A. Livermore did not attend my lectures because of her own engagements, she was greatly interested in them, and arranged for their delivery in Melrose. I also repeated them in Concord, Plymouth, Sioux City, Chicago, Baltimore, and other cities.

While I was writing these lectures I decided to prepare them for publication, though undoubtedly this purpose was in my mind from the beginning, and the lecturing was a side issue. I extended my investigations, and tried to familiarize myself with every phase of the subject. Gradually I came to recognize that the subject was wider than the limits of any one country, that adequately to understand what had been done in England it was necessary to deal quite fully with the renaissance period, and with the beginnings of literature in Greece and elsewhere. As I went on with these inquiries it became clear to me that even if I took up the study of woman's position in Greece and Rome, and traced out her education and social position in those civilizations, I was only in the middle of my subject. I came to the conclusion that to begin with Greece was like taking up the biography of a man when he has reached the age of forty, ignoring all that had gone before in the way of education and experience.

Accordingly, I extended my researches to include the evolution of the race in all ages and countries. This broadened my survey immensely, but I came to the conclusion that only by so doing could I find the real causes for the position which women have occupied in the several ages of the past. Why has the status of women been other than that of men? Why have women been given a different education, been held in subjection, and not permitted political recognition? I could not find that much had been written on the subject, and most of what had been published was of no real service in reaching definite conclusions. I found on more than one occasion that men thought the subject of no importance, and that they regarded the person dealing with it as a crank or not mentally well balanced. The smile of incredulity which appeared on their faces when

the subject was mentioned was very illuminating as to their mental attitude towards any just and fair-minded consideration of the causes determining the intellectual and political status of women. One illustration of this attitude came out in a conversation I had with Henry B. Blackwell, husband of Lucy Stone, and with her for many years a worker in the anti-slavery cause, and then in that of the emancipation of women. He joined with her in founding *The Woman's Journal,* and was one of the editors until his death. At the time when I was giving my lectures I said to him one day that it surprised me that no good history of women had been written. "Such a history," he replied, "has not been written because women have no history, owing to the position of subjection which they have occupied in the past." I was so greatly surprised by his statement that I could make no reply, and I felt that if he held to this opinion no statement of mine would convince him to the contrary. On the other hand, I thought I had found that women have as long a history as that of men, and one, though less dramatic and romantic, which is no less interesting and important.

I made two or three attempts at writing my book in the succeeding years, but on each occasion I came up against the fact that I did not yet know enough to make it what I desired, a quite trustworthy account of what the position of women had been under all phases of human society. I did not go far before I became aware that I must understand the psychology of sex, and what were the primary causes of the social functioning of women in a manner different from that of men, owing to the fact of motherhood. Then again I was led into the study of the social origins of the race, how human society began, its early industries, institutions, arts, religion, and all that concerned the beginnings of civilization. The result was that I sought for information in works dealing with all the sciences which treat of man, including archaeology, anthropology, ethnology, psychology, and sociology, not overlooking the history of law, jurisprudence, ethics, religion, folklore and history. I found that while I did not appear to be reaching the goal for which I was seeking, and the writing of my book seemed to recede into a rather remote future, it did not become less vital and important. I was finding the subject more and more interesting as I went on, and growing to be even fascinating in its character. The gaining of new knowledge, the finding of explanations for social phenomena hitherto unexplained, the discovery now and then of interpretations of important social activities which no one else had hit upon, compensated me for the long and tedious attempts at grasping solutions of one great phase of civilization. If I did not seem near the end of my task, I was educating myself, and gaining knowledge bearing upon every human problem.

One of the results of my investigations was an increased and extended interest in sociology. I read everything published in English on the science, and sought for knowledge of the works published in other countries. In 1895 I chanced upon the first number of the *American Journal of Sociology* published at the University of Chicago, and I became its constant reader. It brought me into acquaintance with what was being said on all phases of the science, and I followed the theories and speculations with never-abating interest. As the science developed the biological analogy was gradually discarded, and in one and another work a broader view began to find expression. It took many years to outgrow the history that society is an organism, a theory in many directions so suggestive and helpful that it maintained its place against all criticisms. Gradually it was put aside for the recognition of the psychological factors which are essentially the same for the individual and for society itself. Even so far back as 1874, in his "The Foundations of a Creed," one of the volumes in his "Problems of Life and Mind," George Henry Lewes had put forth the theory of the psychological foundations of society. He showed that the mind performs social functions, and that the individual mind cannot develop normally without the presence of society. In a word, he maintained that the individual mind is a product of the social process, and that we cannot understand it without giving attention to society and its controlling influence.

Although I carefully studied the works of Lewes in 1883 I did not until years afterward come to comprehend the full meanings of his attempts at defining the relations of the individual to society as the chief cause determining the nature and especially the contents of his mind. A little book published in 1893 helped me on toward an understanding of the relations of the individual to the social mind, and to a comprehension of how it is that there is such a thing as a social mind, although there is, in the strict sense, no social organism. This book was called "The Interpretation of Nature," and consisted of seven lectures delivered before the Andover Theological Seminary by Professor Nathaniel S. Shaler, of Harvard University. In his fifth lecture Shaler treated of the bond of the generations which results from the fact of heredity, and the transmission of experiences from one generation to another. He accepted, as did Lewes, the Lamarckian theory of the transmission of acquired results of experience on the part of the individual, which has been almost wholly discarded because of the investigations of Weismann. Nevertheless, Shaler's work was of a most suggestive nature, showing how sympathy binds together the members of the family and the social group, how the mother develops through her affection for her children the social and the moral elements in society, and how the bonds of social relationship are knit strong by means of the association of those who have had a like heritage and training.

> "It requires no argument," said Professor Shaler, "to show the student that the transcendent successes of life are to be found where something like a social system has been instituted—where the individuals of a species exchange their services in mutually helpful co-operation, which results in the creation of a commonwealth."

What makes man other than the animals which are socially grouped into what may be called such a commonwealth is that he is able to gather up the results of experience and build them into a form in which they can be transmitted to his successors.

As I read over these lectures now they seem very tame, and not infrequently mistaken. Nevertheless, they made a very strong impression upon me when I first read them soon after their publication. This impression was deepened by the reading of Drummond's lectures on "The Ascent of Man," and more especially by Kropotkin's articles on "Mutual Aid," which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* from 1891 to 1896, and were published in a volume in 1902. These several attempts at defining the origin and nature of human society gave emphasis to the psychological factors which

acted as a bond for cementing individuals together in forming groups of one kind or another.

Several other works appeared in the '90's which brought out the psychological nature of society, among them Lester Ward's "The Psychic Factors of Civilization," which appeared in 1893. He said that "the social forces are the psychic forces as they operate in the collective state of man." In that work, as in those by Ward which have succeeded, he has emphasized the idea that man is progressing toward an era in which collective activities will control the world in the interests of humanity. The very purpose of mind is to control and to destroy competition, and to establish co-operation on a basis of universal dominion.

The "Social Evolution" of Benjamin Kidd, published in 1892, was widely discussed and praised, largely because it made religion an essential phase of social evolution. Its real merit was that it recognized the psychic elements in social process. Two other books of the same period also gave recognition to the conception that the individual is dependent on the influence of society, and in one or another form showed how the factor of personality is the result of social activities. These were Franklin H. Giddings's "The Principles of Sociology," and Arthur Fairbanks's "Introduction to Sociology." Giddings emphasized consciousness of kind as the chief tie binding together groups into communities, while Fairbanks fully recognized the psychologic factor as the dominating one in human society.

If Ward, Kidd, Giddings, and Fairbanks approached the problems of society from the point of view of sociology, another group of men was studying them from the standpoint of psychology. These were James Mark Baldwin, of the Princeton and Johns Hopkins Universities, Lloyd Morgan, Principal of the University College at Bristol, L. T. Hobhouse of the University of London, and Gabriel Tarde, of the College of France. These students of social laws presented two conclusions—that men are bound together into communities because of the action of various qualities of the mind, and that society determines the nature and qualities of the consciousness shown by the individuals composing it. They also agree in the conclusion reached by Tarde, that "the social being, in the degree that he is social, is essentially imitative, and that imitation plays a role in societies analogous to that of heredity in organic life or to that of vibration among inorganic bodies." Another result of the investigations of these men was the assertion that the mind grows with the body, that it develops with the advance of social organization, including the advance in tool-making, the progress of industries, and of all that perfects the social relations of the group. The mind, then, is a social organ, a means of enabling the social group to better meet the conditions under which it exists, and to master them for its own benefit.

These men regarded the mind from the genetic point of view, as a growth, an evolution, and that in all its higher phases its characteristics are determined by the social group through which it manifests itself. This is quite in accord with the statement of Karl Marx, in the preface to his "Critique of Political Economy": "It is not the consciousness of men that determines their existence, but, on the contrary, their social existence determines their consciousness."

GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

(To Be Continued.)

THE STUDY TABLE

Who Caused the War?

It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of this book,* which has already been referred to in our editorial columns, as it is impossible in the limited space at our disposal to give any adequate idea of its character and contents. Suffice it to say that we have here two large volumes, aggregating 1204 pages, containing the most thorough, exhaustive and authoritative discussion of the causes of the Great War that has yet been presented to the world. Dr. Ewart has studied and mastered all existing information on this enormous subject—official documents, government "books" of varied hues, personal narratives, memoirs, and all histories preceding his own. His list of publications actually quoted in his text includes no less than nine pages of fine type! The result is an absolute definitive analysis of the problem, with conclusions which we believe are destined to become the verdict of history. If anything could be more remarkable than the exhaustive character of the work, it is the fairness of spirit which is always manifested. The author has precise ideas and exact opinions, but apparently no prejudices. His interest is never that of the advocate or propagandist, but always that of the detached scientist who desires nothing but the truth. Even when he finds what is to him the truth, he can see the other point of view. Note the amazing passage (Volume II, page 1167) where, after convicting the Russian Foreign Minister, Sazanoff, of responsibility for interrupting negotiations and thus precipitating the war, the author pleads Sazanoff's case, and ends up with the words: "Had he known what we know now—he might have held his hand. But, placed as he was—what, reader, would you have done? Would you have assumed the responsibility of inactivity?" Let it be understood that this book is no work of partisan literature; rather is it historical science of the highest order.

Dr. Ewart's method is interesting. He first of all collects and submits the original material bearing on any particular question under discussion. Quotations from diplomatic dispatches, official letters, parliamentary speeches, treaty articles, etc., run on, page after page, for scores of pages, with only such discussion by the author as is necessary for elucidation. From this standpoint the book has an encyclopaedic value of the first importance! Then, having submitted the data available, for the reader to study it and judge it as he will, Dr. Ewart proceeds to give his own elaborate comments; and ends with his "conclusions," which are always definite. There is no dodging or evasion anywhere! In this way, in a series of immensely interesting chapters, he considers "Why Did Russia Enter the War?" "Why Did Germany Enter the War?" "Why Did France Enter the War?" "Why Did the United Kingdom — Turkey — Italy — Bulgaria —Roumania—Greece—Japan—the United States——Canada —Enter the War?" He then discusses the Belgian Treaty; opens up the whole German question in three

*"The Roots and Causes of the Wars (1914-1918)," by John S. Ewart, K. C., L. L. D.; published by George H. Doran Company, New York—Two volumes

chapters on "Germany and World Domination," "Germany and Militarism," and "Germany and Preparation;" considers the Alsace-Lorraine question, the problems of German rivalry and German menace, the controversies in Morocco, Persia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, and the Balkans, and ends with a 175-page discussion of the quarrel between Austria and Serbia in 1914, and the responsibility for breaking off negotiations which led to war. The whole presents an absolutely complete survey and diagnosis of all that preceded the Great War, with an exact pronouncement as to what and who were to blame.

The author's conclusions constitute in general a final overthrow of the popular conception of German war-guilt, together with a ruthless exposé of all the claptrap and nonsense about fighting for civilization, for democracy, to end war, etc. He shows that all the great nations were involved in the prosecution of imperialistic ambitions which were necessarily in conflict one with another, that these nations were all engaged in disreputable intrigue and deceit, and that all were feverishly preparing for a settlement of desires and grievances by force—i. e., by war! These nations, therefore, one and all entered the war to serve their own particular selfish national interests. All other motives were camouflage—and the author shows just how this camouflage of honor and patriotism was deliberately prepared and "put over" in accordance with the famous Ollivier injunction that when a war has become inevitable, *"notre devoir est de la rendre populaire."*—In this way, myths are everywhere exploded. "There was no treaty obligation to defend Belgian neutrality" (page 198), and England entered the war neither to defend Belgium nor to vindicate the rights of small nationalities (page 181). The statement "that Germany sought to dominate the world is a very ridiculous assertion" (page 477). "The demands made by Austria-Hungary (on Serbia) were not, with the exception of the forty-eight hour limit for reply, unreasonable" (page 1047). The Kaiser did not force the war, but, on the contrary, in those last terrific days, did everything in his power to prevent it(pages 1082-1083, 1156-1162).

Dr. Ewart's final answer to the question of responsibility is impressive. He says:

> Responsibility for precipitation of hostilities must be attributed (1) to Serbia, because of her unneighborly conduct; (2) to Austria-Hungary, because of her continuation of her truculent attitude after receiving Serbia's reply; and (3) chiefly —conclusively—to Russia, because of her interruption of negotiations for a peaceful settlement (page 1173).

This book is certain to dictate the verdict of history on the terrific events of the last quarter-century. We cannot hope, however, that it will have much effect upon the minds of the great majority of the present generation, which are fixed upon the idea that Germany was the Satan in the great drama of the War. Of course, these Germans-phobists have wide open before them the chance to answer this book. We cannot believe, however, that we shall ever experience such ecstatic joy as seeing them try to do it.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

A Book of Uncommon Prayer*

The Arabs called the Jews *Ahl ul Kitab,* the "People of the Book"—and they are still that today. Only now they are far more a people of the Prayer Book than of that Book of Books to which the Arabs had reference. Among the Orthodox Jews the old *Siddur,* the "order," with its three long prayer services for the week-day, its four for the Sabbath, and its five for the Day of Atonement, all recited in Hebrew with snatches of Aramaic, much of it beautiful, more of it prosy, and all of it archaic, has come to be counted an impeccable thing.

The Reform Movement in the Synagogue, which began only a century ago in Germany, sought at first to reform solely this "order." Many of the prayers were cast out as obsolete, and most of those that were left were recited in the vernacular; the quaint chant of the cantor was supplanted by the unadorned reading of the rabbi; women were permitted to share in the service on terms of equality (almost) with men; heads were bared in the synagogue; prayer-shawls were discarded; and phylacteries were put away. In fine, the whole ritual was occidentalized.

Unfortunately, however, the reform was never carried through to its logical end. The ritual was simplified, and made in some measure understandable—but it was left still a ritual. Even in the American synagogue, where the Reform Movement has had its furthest development, there exists a *siddur.* It may seem a far cry from the huge, right-to-left, closely printed *machzor* of the Orthodoxy, to the slight, neatly linotyped, left-to-right "Union Prayer Book" of Reform—but at bottom they are both of one stuff. The "Union Prayer Book," read today in all the hundreds of American "temples," is not a very happy creation. It is no more than a sorry compromise, with none of the glamor of an old ritual, and little of the freedom of a new.

Rabbi Cronbach, one of the finest spirits in American Judaism today, seems to have realized this, and has therefore put forward his own book of prayers. In no sense is it a ritual, but simply a loose collection of half a hundred prayers for various occasions and on different motifs. In all of them there ring notes of exalting spirituality, and overtones of richest mysticism. And though many of them are intended primarily for the synagogue, so generous is their spirit that all of them could be read fittingly in any liberal church. It would be difficult to compose a prayer more beautifully forgiving and understanding than that entitled "Our Contemners":

> Truth! This is truth: We are in pain but our contemner also is in pain. His scorn and anger betoken pain. . . . Our pain answers to our oppressor's pain. We suffer when he suffers. We suffer because he suffers. Also this is truth: Our contemner understands us not. His every word betrays that our circumstances and motives are hidden from his view. . . . Our contemner, though grieving us, is doing the right as he sees the the right. . . . Not by force and not by strife, then, would we seek to prevail, but rather, O Eternal, would we rise by the rungs of patience and forbearance to that high rock where Thou dost shelter us, and remain with Thee forevermore secure against all ill. Amen.

There are moments when Mr. Cronbach fails to sustain so high a poetic strain, when he catapults down to rocky words like "diagnosis" and "disputation." But the spirit beneath the words is steadily sublime.

If prayers like these could be introduced in the place of those repetitious formulae still mechanically recited in the Reform "temples" each week, perhaps the congregants would be less careful to enter just in time for the sermon. . . . .

LEWIS BROWNE.

(Rabbi of the Free Synagogue of Newark.)

* "Prayers of the Jewish Advance," by Abraham Cronbach. Bloch Publishing Co., New York.

"Soundings"*

From the quotation, "Life is an uncharted ocean. The cautious mariner must needs take many soundings", etc., Mr. Gibbs gets his title.

Like all of his gifted family Mr. Gibbs writes naturally and fluently and in this, his last book, his theme is the young, both male and female, seeking, plumbing the depths, to find the right channel to the open sea.

Nancy Hawthorne, a beautiful English girl, brought up in a lonely village by her father, an artist, and an old woman housekeeper, is neither more nor less than a vivid creature with normal curiosity and a balance of common sense that helps her at every critical time.

The book opens with a scene on a hill top where "Curley" a loutish fellow whose senses have been stirred by Nancy, takes her in his arms and rudely arouses her curiosity, resentment and, thank heaven! her good common sense.

Curley disappears after the incident—goes to the training camp, eventually goes to war and is killed. So much for Curley. He was instrumental in awakening Nancy and has little further to do with the story.

But Nancy once awake makes big strides forward.

She has a plain and enlightening talk with her father, Jim Hawthorne. The conversation proves the intimate and solid foundation upon which the two stand, and Jim, eventually, though it almost breaks his heart, sends Nancy abroad for a year, alone. Forcing her to fend for herself: relying upon her character and training to bear her through.

The year was rich with results: many "soundings" were taken but somehow one gets the impression that they got Nancy nowhere in particular. She "muddled" through to the end of the book, as most of us do.

Her ideals remained clear and to a large extent remained intact. When she loved she loved deeply and sincerely and even the discovery that Bob Whittaker was a sexual "rotter" did not seem to kill the divine spark in her, for, eventually, after treating her like a cur, Bob goes to the war, returns somewhat steadied and Nancy marries him with only a half-hearted conviction on his part, that he can fulfill his role of the bargain.

This is rather a hurried massing of the story and the details are well worth a reading. There are good bits of philosophy, rather vivid character drawing and Nancy did know what she wanted and in a half measure, got it.

"You and I, child," Jim Hawthorne said to Nancy once, "are seekers after truth: and as far as within us lies we'll gloss over nothing, but dig down to facts and look everything in the face, fairly and squarely."

That they, father and daughter, could do this together, is convincingly told.

Later in life, Jim Hawthorne, a brave simple gentleman, in saving a child's life, is so injured as to become a cripple and is confined to a wheel chair. He bears the bondage as Mr. Locke's heroes do, in a fine, uplifting way and Nancy, at the end of her year of "soundings" goes back to devote her life to him.

When Nancy first left home, she roamed about, sketching and observing and finally, in France, came upon Cornelia Evans, an American free-booter who has a brother at Oxford and parents roaming far-afield and, of course, the usual American millions.

With amazing celerity the two girls agree to take a studio together and create a setting for the real story of the book. Cornelia's brother, a decent chap who deserved better than he got, was a friend of Bob Whittaker, the hero—heaven save the mark! The girls and the two young men, with others sprinkled in, run the gamut of studio life. Freedom merging into license, no one accountable to anyone: no troubling codes or conservative oversight. Everything ripe of tragedy, but nothing appalling happening except that Nancy loves Bob when she might have had Cornelia's decent brother and Cornelia's effervescent love affairs that are blind alleys.

Somewhere in the book Jim Hawthorne says:

Looking back on his crucifixion, now, do you suppose Christ still thinks we were worth it?

Many of us in larger and smaller sense ask that question.

After the "soundings" of these young people, what do we find? But really that is not the question. Rather —"What did they find?" What are the young people of today finding?

At least they are free to make their soundings and that is a great gain.

Mr. Gibbs writes as the young write, taking ordinary experiences tremendously seriously; he has a pet word "priceless," which he uses relentlessly, but most writers have words with which they conjure.

On the whole, "Soundings," though not a big book, offers a distinct contribution to the youthful mariner on the uncharted ocean.

HARRIET T. COMSTOCK.

* "Soundings," by A. Hamilton Gibbs. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE STRUGGLE OF THE SIKHS FOR THEIR SHRINES

[A Letter from India.]

Dear UNITY:

Now that the discussions on the general political conditions of the country are taking place in the various legislative bodies of India, I hope you quite well realize the gravity and the seriousness of the Sikh situation as created by the persistent repressive policy of the Punjab Government with respect to the Gurdwara reform movement. Ever since its inception in the present phase in 1920 the Punjab officials have, again and again, been making determined efforts to crush the reform movement amongst the Sikhs, and with this object in view they have been carrying on a regular and systematic campaign of repression and terrorization especially in the villages to frighten away the people from joining a movement which the Government themselves have, on several occasions, declared purely religious and with which they, at any rate, pretend to profess genuine sympathy. This continued repression together with a general hostile attitude of the Government towards Sikh Community and the heart-rending tales of the recent hardships and sufferings of the Sikhs as a result of the barbarous treatment meted out to the non-violent Sikhs by the Nabha officials have created a situation which is extremely delicate and fraught with serious consequences both for the Government and the people. The cup of sufferings is now full to the brim and a little more addition to it may lead to serious complications. I beg to draw your prompt attention to it. You might have been hearing stories of the hardships of the Sikhs, now and then, but it is very necessary that you should have a fairly correct idea of the position in the Punjab as regards the Gurdwara reform movement. I will, therefore, for your information, briefly recapitulate the whole position from the beginning.

To the mind of the Sikhs the question of the purification and freedom of the Gurdwaras has always been associated with their national destiny and no sacrifices have been considered too great to make for bringing them under the Panthic control. Much of the Sikh history is taken up with either founding

of temples or their protection against different kinds of aggressions. During the times of the Gurus the Gurdwaras were supervised by the local Sangats or Masands appointed by the Guru himself. . . . The Mahants of the Gurdwaras were kept straight by the pressure of the public opinion and if a Mahant, at any time, became corrupt or otherwise unfit for the high office he was removed and another one appointed in his place.

There are numerous examples of this kind when the Mahants of the Gurdwaras have thus been changed. This good practice kept the Gurdwaras free from general corruptions. But with the establishment of the British Government the situation was entirely changed. The new law made the position of the Mahants virtually as independent as that of persons owning private property. This law as amended later on did provide in case of misuse of trust that any two or more persons interested in the affair with the consent of the Advocate General or the collector, could bring the matter to a court of law, but this provision was hedged round with so many restrictions in favor of the incumbent who enjoyed great influence on account of his riches and the whole procedure was so expensive and lengthy that it was rarely available to poor congregations or individuals. The Mahants began with impunity to sell off the Gurdwara property and squander away the income on drinking and loose living. In many cases with the connivance of the authorities they got the Gurdwara property entered in their own names and became their absolute masters. Gradually they began to defy the Sikhs, not only in the matter of the disbursement of the income but also in the matter of the ritual and ceremony observed in the Gurdwaras. The sacred places of the Sikhs became dens of vice and sin before their very eyes and they were absolutely helpless. They tried law for about a quarter of a century but it did not help them in any way. They made representations and petitions to the officials, took deputations but all in vain. Thus in despair from the Government they decided to reform the Gurdwaras by the moral pressure of public opinion. This method succeeded to a large extent and the Mahants feeling their position weak turned round and submitted, but then the Government stepped in to support the Mahants. The Sikhs who were expecting help and encouragement from the Government owing to their sacrifices in the Great War, were utterly disappointed to see the Government championing the cause of the prolifigate Mahants. Thus the struggle which began between the Manants and the Sikhs became a struggle between the Government and the Sikhs and has been going on for the last five years.

Encouraged by the hostile attitude of the officials towards the reformers some of the Mahants collected arms and engaged Badmashes to kill the Akalies (Sikhs). The first attack began in December, 1920, when two non-violent Akalies were killed and several wounded at Taran Taran. In February, 1921, 130 reformers were mercilessly butchered by the Mahant of Nankana Saheb. The Sikhs were expecting justice from the Government but they, on the contrary, turned on the Sikhs and arrested many more reformers. The total number of arrests and convictions amounted to about 300.

In November, 1921, the Government took possession of the keys of the Golden Temple. This led to an enormous agitation amongst the Sikhs. About 250 arrests were made when the Government realizing its mistake returned the keys and released all the prisoners in connection with this affair. Sikhs had all along been making efforts to solve the question by legislation but the repressive policy of the Government had always been spoiling everything. Just when a Gurdwara measure was under consideration the Government arrested about 2,000 workers in the Districts with the declared object of breaking the Akalai movement. This was in April, 1922.

In August of the same year the Government again challenged the Sikhs at Guru-ka-Bagh, where jatha after jatha went to the Gurdwara to assert their right of freedom of worship. 1500 of them were beaten to unconsciousness and otherwise roughly handled and 5700 were arrested and convicted for various terms of imprisonment, and some 400 arrests were effected all over the province. Arrests in all in what is known as the Guru-ka-Bagh Morcha amounted to 6100.

After this came the general repression. The leaders of the Sikhs have been thrown in jail. Anybody helping the reform movement is liable to prosecution. The papers in general have been forbidden to publish the communiques issued by the S. G. P. C., and the Sikh papers that advocate the cause have been selected for frequent prosecutions. The "Akali te Pardesi" alone has sent as many as twenty-four editors to jail during the last five years.

The struggle at Jaito has been going on for the last eighteen months. Eight thousand men have gone there in form of daily jathas of twenty-five each and have suffered untold hardships. They were arrested and taken to the Bawal Forest and were there left to shift for themselves. Seven thousand one hundred and seventeen have gone to Jaito in the form of Shahidi Jathas of 500 each, and two special Jathas of 56 and 61, including a Jatha from Canada. These men are arrested and detained there without any trial, without any charge. They are said to be subjected to various kinds of barbarous and inhuman tortures to extract forced apologies. Besides they are kept there in extremely unhealthy conditions. As a result of the ill-treatment and insanitary conditions 165 men have so far died in Nabha jails, and many have arrived in Amritsar bearing marks of the rough treatment by the Nabha officials. The issues involved in the struggle at Jaito are clearly explained in the following communique of the S. G. P. C.:—

"The S. G. P. C. has repeatedly and clearly declared its position with regard to the Jaito Akhand Path affair in its communiques and instructions to the Jathas given at Shree Akal Takht Sahib. But as misunderstandings appear to have been created in certain quarters it once more reiterates its real position.

"The only object in sending Jathas to Jaito is to establish the right of the Sikhs to worship and congregate for religious purposes in their Gurdwaras without let or hinderance. It has been so often made clear that the S. G. P. C. has no other objective than this and certainly does not wish to make the Gurdwara Gangsar a base of operations to carry on the propaganda against Nabha deposition under the cloak of performance of pilgrimage and Akhand Path. As soon as 101 Akhand Paths are finished with due reverence and ceremony and their vow fulfilled, the Jathas will have no incentive to stay there. It need not be added that in the event of being removed, existing restrictions in the sending of Jathas to Jaito or any other form of direct action will cease."

The total arrests at Bhai Pheru amount to 5662 and the struggle is going on where twenty-five men every day go to assert the right of freely cutting down wood for the Guru's kitchen from the Guru's land.

To again sum up sacrifices so far amount to 30,000 arrested, 400 died and killed, 2,000 wounded, 15 lacs of fine, including the forfeitures of pensions of retired soldiers. Ban has been placed on Civil and Military recruitment of Sikhs. Unprecedented repression of virulent type all round is in full swing.

I need not add that the patience of the Sikhs has reached a breaking point and calls for an immediate and effective remedy. If any more information is needed on any point, the undersigned will be glad to supply it.

Yours faithfully,

MANGAL SINGH,
President, Central Sikh League,
Amritsar.

INSTINCTS AND INHERITANCE

Editor UNITY:

I am grateful to Mr. Walter S. Swisher for his kind letter in UNITY of some weeks ago, and since others seem to be interested in the subject I should be obliged if I might have space to say that I used the word "instinct" in the sense of "inherited predilection," to coin my own definition, or "natural inward impulse," to use a dictionary phrase.

I do not know whether Prof. Mac Dougall, for whom I have profound respect, would approve my interpretation or not. I only know that it seems clear to me that certain persons are born with a "predilection" or "inward impulse" toward certain arts or sciences. I protested against the current doctrine of the behaviorists and the lately current doctrine of the disciples of Freud, one glorifying environment, the other the subconscious.

I am not a "professed psychologist"; I am only a student of history. I am approaching the problem of the nature of genius from a purely historical angle. I do not know where my investigation will lead me. Certain obvious truths I am finding along the way; the accumulation of these facts may be a service to science.

Mr. Swisher, if I may say so, makes the mistake of echoing Richter, Haydon, Schopenhauer and Emerson in one of his least interesting moods—the strange idea that genius is a sort of toy that God gives to some men and denies to others, that genius is a sort of "gift," to use Mr. Swisher's own words: "like lightning—it strikes where it will."

My hope is that, with more knowledge of the men and women of genius of the past and present, we can learn to cause genius to strike where *we* will. It is not a form of divinity, all the old theologians to the contrary; it is rather a thing of mathematics.

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

FLOWER STREWING FOR HEROES OF SOCIAL CONSTRUCTION

It was a group of perhaps half a hundred persons that gathered near the North Gate of Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, at 8:00 a. m. on Decoration Day to conduct the third annual Flower Strewing for Heroes of Social Construction. The graves decorated were those of a factory worker, a railroader, a fireman, and a policeman who lost their lives in the performance of their duties, and of a woman who died at the birth of her child, these being taken as typical heroes of social construction, persons who died not on the battlefield but for the purpose of giving and preserving life.

Boy Scout Troop No. 96 participated, some of the boys helpfully serving to indicate the positions of the several graves and the entire company adding by their fine appearance and demeanor much to the reverence and impressiveness of the occasion.

The exercises were opened by the singing of the hymn "Say Not Thy Die," rendered by some Hebrew Union College students who had been instructed by Prof. A. Z. Idlesohn, Professor of Music at that institution. Amid the beautiful surroundings, the noble words acquired especial meaning:

"Say not they die, those martyr souls
Whose life is wing'd with purpose fine;
Who leave us pointing to the goals;
Who learn to conquer and resign.

"Such cannot die; they vanquish time,
And fill the world with growing light
Making the human life sublime
With memories of their sacred might.

"They cannot die whose lives are part
Of that great life which is to be,
Whose hearts beat with the world's great heart
And throb with its high destiny.

"Then mourn not those who, dying, gave
A gift of greater light to man:
Death stands abashed before the brave;
They own a life he may not ban."

Following the hymn, Rabbi Walter G. Peiser offered prayer as follows:

"God, Dear Father in Heaven, Thou art the architect of civilization and we are its builders; Thou suppliest the design and we furnish the means; Thou makest the tools and we fashion the product. We are Thine instruments in the construction of all human endeavors; co-partners are we with Thee. And some of us are good workmen, with wills of tempered steel, strong and durable, ready to stake their all like corals in the building of the reef. Yet some of us are slothful; weak, brittle tools, fragile, that break in Thy strong grasp and do not accomplish the work Thou hast assigned upon this earth.

"It is the first of these that we remember today, Thy co-partners, men of the finer substance who put Thee above material gain and bodily maintenance, who held ideals first in their striving and yearning, who saw the right quickly, possibly even without thought but through their intuition, and turning resolutely to the right, grasped it. Failure to such is success; breaking and shattering, but a form of remending; while death—what we, too often and thoughtlessly, call death—is to them but life more real and abundant, Heroes are they, heroes in the struggle of civilization, of Godliness with the mechanical forces of an animal environment. Love, justice, peace is the new code that each sacrifice helps to make more firm and permanent in the evolution of human kind.

"It is not for the souls of those whom we remember today that we pray, for those who have given their lives in the cause of some worthy endeavor, some humane and brotherly enterprise—not for them; their deeds utter their prayers more effectively and, were we thoughtlessly to forget them—as, alas, we are sometimes apt,—they would still be remembered by Thee and given the rest and contentment they have earned. It is for ourselves that we must and do pray that we may have the courage, the strength and will and character to perform the duties Thou dost from time to time assign to each of us, to avoid the mere opportunistic, to shun the cowardly, to endure popular disapproval and social ostracism, if necessary, to accept death even, death in the pursuit of a true cause for the good of humanity, as an honor and a glory, dauntlessly and fearlessly. May we always utter for ourselves the prayer of Balaam 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let mine end be like his.' Amen."

Prof. William J. Decatur, Principal of the Colored Industrial School, thereupon read the following selection from the "Chants Communals" of Horace Traubel:

"We worship the destroyer. We despise or at least ignore the builder. . . . You look with awe upon a battlefield. Do you not look with as much awe upon a tunnel? Here is an honest battle. A battle with the rocks. . . . Here is a battle in which no other takes up arms against a brother. Yet this battle, too, has its victims. And you look on and think nothing. . . . You look down into these holes in the ground and your pulse is undisturbed. . . . What is the matter?

"Some men die that you may live. Some on scaffolds. . . . Some on battlefields. Some in tunnels. . . . You can understand Savonarola burned at the stake. You can understand John Brown, executed at Harper's Ferry. Why do you fail to understand this somebody sacrificed in the tunnel? I do not say that the stake and the scaffold have tricked you. But I do say that the tunnel has tricked you. . . . For if you fail to understand the tunnel, you deny all martyrdom. . . .

"He died humbly crushed underneath a rock. They have brought him out of the ground. His face is pale but satisfied. Your city of millions will not stay in its heavy round to regard his anonymous visage. Yet this unknown man has saved your city. But for him your city would not exist. All labor lies there prostrate in his inert form. Come out of your churches, all of you, and worship here. Leave your creeds behind. This is creed enough. Worship here., Here is religion enough."

The reading from Horace Traubel was followed by the Address delivered by Rev. Jesse Halsey, Pastor of the Seventh Presbyterian Church.

"We commemorate the heroes of peace. Simply and nobly they lived. Unsung, unheralded, they marched to their heroic martyrdom. The companions of the Great Creator, the constructionists, the men and women of un-numbered multitude, who in humble ways and in dangerous places serve their generation and fall upon sleep—for these we pause to breathe a prayer of gratitude, and here in God's acre, in the morning watch, to chant our requiem of peace.

"It is an inclusive fellowship, ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands—a great host marshalled at conscience's command and at duty's call; potential heroes who greet the rising sun not knowing what a day may bring forth, but resolved to play the man until the evening comes and the shadows fall.

"We remember the industrial workers, in ditch or on skyscraper, in the factory or in the mine, who go to drudging toil; we rejoice in the mysterious spark of leading given to scientist and inventor for the service of our common good; in the tireless daring with which some are tracking the players of our race by the white light of science. We offer our praise for the sacrificial unselfishness of motherhood, and for devotion to duty wherever found.

"We condemn in ourselves and in our fellows the sins of oppression. We cry out in the righteous anger of the valiant hearted against the hatreds of competition and greed, the waste and desolation of war, and the needless sacrifice of life on the altars of Mammon.

"We dedicate ourselves in the spirit of the true hearted whose memory we this day recall, to the constructive purposes of the "Co-operative commonwealth of God," seeking to hand on our common heritage made fairer and sweeter through our use, to those who come after us, and to this end we pledge our time and thought and strength to speed the coming day of beauty and righteousness."

Standing by the grave of the factory worker, Miss Eleanor Mulvihill, a Catholic Social Worker connected with the Cincinnati Juvenile Court, read the following sentences after which the grave was covered with flowers:

"Thou toiler and worker, serving mankind with hand and mind, unto us hast thou set an example of brotherly love expressed in truehearted labor. In thy death hast thou given us a symbol of life,—creative, toiling life,—and thus hast thou blessed us."

The company then proceeded to the grave of a woman who died in childbirth. Before flowers were placed upon this grave, Miss Mulvihill spoke as follows:

Macaulay, I should think, was moving in the right direction when he observed that: "Genius is subject to the same laws which regulate the production of cotton and molasses."

If Mr. Swisher will name some "geniuses who have risen from the scum of life and have triumphed in spite of a bad heredity," I will undertake to show that theirs was a mixed heredity in fact and that they triumphed because of the good elements in their inheritance or because of the combination of good and bad, using these terms as suggested by Mr. Swisher but with a personal preference for words more accurate.

New York City. JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

"O thou mother, whose body lies low, —thy spirit is near unto God Himself. Out of thine own heart thou didst give a child unto the dawning sun,—and thine own life waned transfused into his. Thou art a sign unto us of all life, holding high its smoking torch, and handing it across the abyss of death. We thank God that He gave us thee, who are selfless love and deathless sacrifice."

Before the next grave decorated—that of the railroader—Miss Mulvihill spoke as follows:

"Upon thy grave, O brave guardian of the steel ways, we strew flowers. Thou too didst serve well and in thy service didst find the seal of immortality. Thy death has written a resonant 'Amen' upon the aspiring prayer of thy humble life. Out of our hearts we thank thee that thou didst live and die for us."

At the grave of the police officer, which was the next to be decorated, Miss Mulvihill spoke:

"Thou guardian of our safety, dedicated unto the city's laws, for thee are these flowers of memorial. Staunchly and heroically didst thou give thyself unto the common good. In times of peace didst thou espouse danger, that thy fellows might enjoy security. May the Almighty grant thee the reward of those who lay their lives upon the altar of duty."

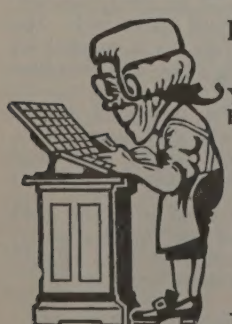
The last grave to be decorated was that of the fireman. At this grave, the following words were spoken by Miss Mulvihill:

"Unto thee, O courageous fighter of the flames, we render homage, expressed by these blossoms. Thou didst brave the wild element with sturdy heart. Thou didst defend the dwellings of man even with thine own life. Unto thee we give thanks for the gift of thy hardihood, of thy protection."

It should be mentioned that the author of the several utterances read by Miss Mulvihill was Rabbi James G. Heller of the Plum Street Temple, Cincinnati.

After the placing of the flowers upon the grave of the fireman, the following benediction was pronounced by Rev. Gilbert P. Symons of Glendale, Ohio.

"And now may mercy and peace abide upon these and all who gave their lives for ours at their labor.
And may we enter into their labors.
May due honor be given to all sacrificial and peaceful work.
The Eternal One, God blessed for evermore, grant light and love to the world.
May God, our Creator, our Redeemer, our Inspirer, guide our feet into the way of peace.
To Him alone be the Dominion for ever and ever. Amen."



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